



T H E

EARL of PEMBROKES. SPEECH  
IN THE  
HOUSE of PEERS,

When the Seven Lords were accused of High-Treason.

*Copia vera, M I C. OLDSWORTH.*



My Lords, You know I seldom make Speeches, yet (my Lords) every thing would live ; and now I must either find a Tongue, or lose my Head. I am accus'd for *sitting here*, when your Lordships fled to the Army ; Alas, my Lords, I am an old man, I must sit ; you may ride or run any whither, but I am an old man. You voted them *Traytors who left the House, and went to York* ; they told us then they were *forc'd away by Tumults* : Do not You say so too? were they *Traytors for going*, and am I a *Traytor for staying*? 'sDeath (my Lords) what would you have me do? hereafter I'le neither go nor stay. I have served you 7 years, what have you given me, unless part of a *Thanksgiving Dinner*, for which you made me *fast* once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the KING's cost, twice every day, (long before some of you were born) and this KING continued, nay, out-did his Father in heaping favours upon me : Yet (for your sakes) I renounc'd my Master when he had most need of me ; voted against him, swore against him, hired men to *fight* against him : I confess, I my self never *struck* at him, nor *shot* at him ; but I prayed for those that did : I gave my Tenants their Leases Fine-free, if they would *rise and resist the KING*. And yet (my Lords) after all this, must I be a *Traytor*? Have I not sworn for you over and over again? You sent me on your Errands to Oxford, to Uxbridge, to Newcastle, to Holdenby ; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King : You made me carry a world of *Propositions*, I brought them all safe and sound ; what you bad me say,

I speake to a syllable; and had the KING ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission I should not have told him, and yet (my Lords) I am an old man. Remember how I stuck to you against Strafford and Canterbury; some of you shrank at Strafford's Tryal, that your Names were like to be posted with Malignants; and for Canterbury, many of you would have had him live, my Lord of Northumberland and others would have no hand in his Blood, but I gave you the casting voice, which sent him packing into another World; and yet now would you send me after him? Have I not sate with you early and late? When the Parliament tumbled, and tisled, and rolled it self, on this side, and on that side, still I was for the Parliament; though I staid here with Presbyterian Lords, yet when you return'd I was firm for you. All the other Lords left you in the House when Sir Thomas's Chaplain gave thanks for your return; but I staid and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of you all. I rejoiced with you, fasted, sung Psalms, prayed with you, and (hereafter) will run away with ye. Nay, I had done it now, but who knew your minds? If ye meant I should follow ye, why did ye not wink upon me? Think ye I could runaway by instinct? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (though I say it) I thank God I have as good Dogs as any man in England; now (my Lords) if a Dog follow me when I do not call him I bid him be gone; if I call him and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad; 's Death (my Lords) 'Tis a poor Dog is not worth the whistling.

But perhaps my fault is not meer staying here, but being active in your absence, because in my Robes and Collar of SS. I brought up Mr. Pelham the Commons new Speaker; why, what if I did; Is not Mr. Pelham my own Cousin? would your Lordships have me uncivil to my kindred? why might not I entertain the new Speaker as well as Sir Robert Harley intreat us to admit him? Mr. Pelham is none of Sir Robert's Cousin, and yet Sir Robert is an old man.

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new War, that my Hand is to all the Warrants for listing Men and Horse; and in order thereunto I voted His Majesty should come to London. 'Tis true (my Lords) I did give my Vote for the KING's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'twas onely to come to chuse a new Speaker: what would ye have us dumb, and sit here like Ferrets? My Lords, I love to hear men speak; and all the Lawyers told me, No King, no Speaker; that either the Commons must name their Speaker, and the KING approve him; or the KING name him, and the Commons approve him; no King, no Speaker. And so I was for the King, that is, for the speaker.

Then (my Lords) observe the manner of his coming: the KING was to come according to the Covenant; mark ye that; I was still for my Oaths: let him come when he will, if the Covenant fetch him, he had as good stay away. And yet men cry shame on the Covenant; those that took it do cast it up again; and those that refuse it have given a world of Arguments that it is unreasonable; which reasons our Assembly (like a Company of Rascals) never yet answer'd. I know (my Lords) many of our Friends never took this Oath, but they refus'd it out of meer Conscience; shall Malignants Consciences be as tender as ours? why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But (my Lords) suppose this Oath be unreasonable; can we do nothing but we must give reason for

for it ; this is as bad as the House of *Commons*, who when we deny to pass any Ordinance, presently send to know our *reasons*, though themselves give no *reasons* for demanding ours. And so Malignants would have reasonable Oaths ; only here's the difference, the House of *Commons* do use to demand Reasons, and Malignants desire to be suffer'd to give Reasons. My Lords, I love not this giving of *reasons*, though I hold the *Covenant* is extreme reasonable ; for as some Malignants take it to save their estates, so we give it to make them lose their estates, both love the *estate*, and both hate the *Covenant*. Thus (my Lords) we have *Reason* for this Oath, and Your Lordships have *No Reason* to make me a *Trayter* while I give my Vote according to the *Covenant*.

As for *signing Warrants to raise a New War*, I wonder you'll speak of it ; have not you all done it a hundred times ? how many Reams of Paper have we sub-scrib'd to raise Forces for *King and Parliament* ? 'Tis known I can scarce write a word besides my Name : Cannot a Man write his own Name without losing his Head ? If I must give account for what I set my hand to, Lord have mercy upon me ! I see now my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me if I were so too. Come, come my Lords, be plain and tell me, do I look like one that would *raise a New War* ? I must confess I love a good Army, but if there be none till I raise it, *Soldiers of Fortune* may change their Names. No, (my Lords) 'twas not I, 'twas the *Eleven Members* would have rais'd a *War*; you see they were guilty by their running away, I neither ran with them, nor with you, I do not like this *running away*, I love to stay by it, and whether was for *War*, I that stayed in *Town*, or You that went to an *Army* ? The Devil of Horse did I list but in my *New Coach*, nor used any Harness but my Collar of S-S. And will you for this clap me in the *Tower* ? You sent me thither six years since for but handling a *Standish*, and now you'll commit me for writing my Name ; what (my Lords) do you hate Learning ? Can you not end or begin a *Parliament* without sending me to the *Tower* ? Do your Lordships mean to make me a *Lord Mayor* ? If I needs must go, I pray you, send me home, to *Blymara's Castle* or *Durham House*, (a damnable Fire burnt my House at *Wilton*, just that hour I mov'd Your Lordships to drive Malignants out of *London*.) But why to the *Tower* ? am I company for *Lyons* ? do you think me a *Cattamountain*, fit to be shown through a *Grate* for two pence ? No, my Lords, keep the *Tower* for *Malignants*, they can endure it, some of them have been *Prisoners* 7 years ; they can feed upon bare *Allegiance*, please themselves with Discourses of *Conscience*, of *Honour*, of a *Righteous Cause*, and I know not what : But what's this to me ? How will those Malignants look upon me ? nay, how shall I look upon them ? I confess some of them love my *Son's company*, they say he's more a *Gentleman*, and has *wit* : 'sDeath (my Lords) must I now turn *Gentleman* ? I thought I had been a *Peer of the Realm*, and am I now a *Gentleman* ? Let my *Son* keep his *Wit*, his poor *Father* ne're got two pence by his *Wit*. Alas, (my Lords) what *hurt* can I do you ? Or what *good* will it do you to have my Head ? I am but a *Ward*, my Lord say hath dispos'd of me these seven years ; I am no *Lawyer*, though the *Littletons* call me *Cousin* ; I am no *Scholar*, though I have been their *Chancellour* ; I am no *States man*, though I was a *Privy-Counsellour* ; I know not what you mean by the *Three Estates*. Last June the *Army* demanded a *Release* for *Lilburne*, *Musgrave*, and *Overton*, I thought They were the *Three Estates*. I thank God I have

have a good Estate of my own, and I have the Estates of my Lord Bayning's Children, and I have my Lord of Carnarvan's Estate; these are my Three Estates. And yet (my Lords) must I to the Tower? Consider we are but a few Lords left, come, let's love, and be kind to one another: The Cavaliers quarrell'd among themselves, beat one another, and lost all. Let Us be wiser, my Lords; for had we fallen into their condition, my Conscience tells me we had look'd most wofully.

I perceive Your Lordships begin to think better of me, and I hear you would quit me if I were not charg'd by the Agitators and General Council of the Army. How? Agitator? 'sDeath, what's that? Who ever heard that word before? I understand Classical, Provincial, Congregational, National, but for Agitator, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth three pence: If Agitators cut Noble-men's throats, you'll find the Devil has been an Agitator. As for the General Council, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and us'd to be full of Bishops; those fellows have troubled us ever since the Apostles; I thought we had made 'em poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me? My Lords, I understand not these General Councils, those of old (they say) were Christians, and these are Independents: What a damnable deal of Generalling is here! General Assembly, General of the Army, General Council of the Army; we never had quiet hour since we had so many Generals. Well, my Lords, these are hard times, and we make them worse with hard words, which neither we, nor our Fathers understood. Heretofore Bishops went Jure Divino, then Elders would be Jure Divino, and now Agitators will be Jure Divino (Dam me, I think nothing is Jure Divino but God.) Call you this a through Reformation? what betwixt the Assemblers and the Agitators I am reform'd to meer skin and bone. My Lords, if these t'ators must rule the Kingdom, why are not we our selves Agitators? why may not I make Oldsworth an Agitator? His abilities and honesty are equal to most of 'em. But (for ought I see) Agitators will sooner be Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, than we Agitators: for the Parliament leads the People, the Army leads the Parliament, Sir Thomas leads the Army, Cromwel leads Sir Thomas, Ireton leads Cromwel, Agitators will lead Ireton; whither the Devil shall we all be led at last?

My Lords, ye see I have spoke my mind; I hope every week some of your Lordships will do the like; and the Commons in this (though in nothing else) will follow the House of Peers.

But I have done, I have done, my Lords: Remember I beseech you I am an old man, I have been a Grandfather *time out of mind*, (for I was so when this Parliament began) and now must I be food for Agitators? O my Lords, I have used the King so ill, and He lov'd me so well; and I have serv'd you so well, and you use me so ill, that no man is sorry for me: Therefore my Request is, that you would not think of sending me to the Tower, 'till some body pities me.